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Matrimony Viewed in the Light of Or-
thodoxy.

The institution of Marriage is an ancient one, to the benefits of which many can testify. With a few exceptions all look forward to the completion of their matrimonial alliance with feelings of gladness. Who does not some day intend to be married? But who of the many candidates, understand fully the true idea of the institution they purpose to enter?

Roman Catholics hold marriage as one of the sacraments. Protestants hold but two, rejecting this with four others, but in doing this do not undervalue the institution. None but an ordained minister should solemnize it. There is some change then in the relation of the two, after once being legally and "equally yoked together."

The change may not be visible, but still there is some change. Love then, too, must be different—may not be so much in degree, as in kind; but there is a difference. I may love all men as men; I may love all women as women. I love my parents as my parents. But I cannot love my mother as I do my lover; nor again my lover as my wife. In the case of mother and wife, I believe there is a difference in degree as well as in kind; for we are told to love father and mother and cleave to the wife. But in case of our intended wife and real wife, the difference is often only in kind. If I (not to speak of others), were to be married to-morrow morning at six, I think I would love her who is to be my wife, as much as I do as yet; but in a different way; for at seven she would be my wife and as such I would love her. She would be myself and I would be herself. In fact there would be but one self, and that would be our self—"We" one flesh.

But there are cases where men (women too) love less after than before marriage. Then where is the "one flesh"? The power of making the two does not lie alone in the objective institution of matrimony, but in part in the subjective relation of the party to be wedded.

The sacraments profit nothing except they be accompanied with faith. So the words of the minister are of no avail, except they are ready and willing to be "one flesh;" except they love each other. Just then as one eats and drinks damnation, by eating and drinking unworthily, so a man and woman really separate themselves the father, by trying to join together that which from their very nature, can never be yoked. Who has not seen the misery of such "unequal yoking?" Marriage is a solemn institution, and it becomes each one to see to it well that there be no blundering in the matter.

Here the question of long and short courtships comes in. Circumstances to some extent, even here, alter cases. In this respect, too, I go with those who prefer catenulation to the more rapid mode of conversion.

I care not how young two persons be classed together for catenulation, so they are not confirmed—married—before they have attained the proper age.

Ancient parents selected wives for their sons. I would modify this system before adopting it. Let them select for their sons at the age of ten or fifteen, girls of a corresponding age, and let them be trained up in the same family with the view of becoming husband and wife at the proper time.

If at the end of one year's catenulation it will be found that they will not yoke, let them be separated. The same at the end of the second, third or ninth year of their catenulation. But if at the end of the tenth year, or when the man has reached the age of twenty-five, it be found that the tendrils of the two hearts had so entwined each other that to cut the tendrils of one would cause the other to wither, then let them be married, and you will indeed have "one flesh."

I know this system has its share of objections, but of what system may not the same be said? So many blunders have of late been committed in this channel consequent upon the close of the war, that more than before it is necessary to preach sound doctrine, and only those are true apostles who regardless of the stake, are willing to oppose heresy wherever found. Such an apostle is CARPENTARIUS.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Col. M. M. Granger, formerly of the 122d Ohio, met with a sad accident on Thursday night in getting off the cars, a short distance east of the depot at Zanesville, while the cars were in rapid motion. In getting from the cars to fall by some means with his left leg on the rail, of the track, the cars passing over it just above the ankle joint, and so nearly cutting it off as to render amputation necessary. After the accident Col. Granger bandaged his leg so tightly as almost to stop the flow of blood and crawled some 800 yards on his hands and knees to a house, and walked up the stairs, who immediately notified his friends of the occurrence, and summoned medical aid.—*Courtesy Times.*

Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place? O, berry well, massa. You see massa build tree eggs for herself, and gill no do brot.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]
The Children in an Overgrown Basement—A Thrilling Scene.

The tremendous waterfall on Monday afternoon seems to have been confined to a very small space of Philadelphia, comparatively speaking. The rains of clouds from which the water fell so copiously extended in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction. It would seem as though the sun had drawn water from what may be considered the horizon of Philadelphia, and then emptied it along the common center. The heavy rain appeared to be a couple of miles wide and about seven miles long. There were doubtless many scenes of thrilling interest during that watery hour. How people who reside on the lower grades of the part visited by the storm hurried to and fro to save their household effects might from a theme for a large volume. There was one scene full of terrible and thrilling interest. In the southwest part of the city, there are located twelve houses with basement kitchens. The occupants are tidy, industrious and respectable, the families being those of pretty well-to-do mechanics. Into these basements the water flowed with impetuosity, and so fast that families in the upper parts of the houses did not know their cellars were full until going down stairs. In one of the basement kitchens a couple of twin children, little boys, were asleep in a cradle. The mother, Mrs. Sara Johnson, was up stairs attending to some household duties, not being aware of the inundation that had taken place. Her surprise may be imagined upon descending to find the water even with the top of the stairway leading to the basement.

Terror of the most thrilling kind seized upon her mind, when she thought of her innocent babes. In vain did she attempt to go down stairs, the water reached her neck as her feet touched the lower steps. It was a time of horror for her. She hastily ran to the street, screaming at the top of her lungs for help.

"Help! help! help!" she cried, and her shrill voice was heard above the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Two officers went to her aid, by wading through the overflowing water.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" they hurriedly asked. The poor woman presented the picture of despair.

"Save my babies," was all that she ejaculated, as she swooned and fell. The officers rushed her, or she would have been drowned the next moment in two feet of water.

"Where, madame, are your babies?" hurriedly inquired the officers, as the poor woman partly recovered from the shock that she had received.

"There," said she, as her eyes gazed wildly. "There!" pointing to the overflowing basement.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the officers, they are drowned.

As the word drowned fell upon the ear of the despairing mother, she again fainted and was carried into a neighboring house.

The officers entered the dwelling where the children were, and presently the little ones began to cry. It sounded like the voice of a spirit coming from the water. Other people arrived, for by this time the rain had ceased to fall. It was ascertained that the twins were in the cradle, and that they must be floating with them. The force of the water had buoyed it up against the ceiling, but where could not be exactly told.

The mother had by this time become reconciled to the situation. Her neighbors cheered her; the men already at hand spoke words of encouragement. "The children still live," said they, "for we heard them cry, and they are floating in the cradle." The anxious maternal told the men that she had left the cradle near the center of the basement. Bars were strained to their utmost power to catch the sound of the voices of the seemingly doomed babes; but not a breath nor a sound could be heard, save the dripping or the gurgling of the water. It was now a time of terror and despair to all. The men present, however, preserved their presence of mind, and did not relate their doubts and misgivings, although they believed then that the stillness of the babes—for the crying had ceased—was that of death. The carpet on the first floor was removed, and one of the police officers being a house carpenter, procured a hatchet, chisel, saw and auger, and in five minutes had a portion of the floor torn up. The precise position of the cradle was ascertained, and it was drawn beneath a hole that was cut through the floor and ceiling between the joists. This was a momentous period. The babes were still in the repose of slumber, and sucking each other's thumbs. A smile played upon their chubby faces, as though the little innocents were enjoying the dreams of angels. The mother's joy may be imagined at the restoration, but cannot be described.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.—"Look here, man!" said a young lady who had recently commenced taking lessons in painting of an eminent artist. See my painting; can you tell me what it is? Ma, after looking at it some time, answered, "well, it is either a cow or a rose-bud—I'm sure I can't tell which."

Downy.—The best downy to advance the marriage of a young lady, is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

SOLDIERS' DISCHARGES.

CAUTION TO SOLDIERS AND THE PUBLIC.

During the last few months we have daily received large numbers of letters from, and have been applied to in person, by hundreds of soldiers, regarding the selling of discharges. We have been unable to give any satisfaction regarding them, for though there have been many reports respecting them, and rumors of sales at large prices, we were unable, even after offering a reward for information, to trace them to a responsible source or get proof positive of a single sale. We are now, however, in receipt of information from a source that entitles us to believe that they have been, and are yet being purchased for the purpose of palming off upon the public, a class of men who have opposed, directly and indirectly, the original and true owners of the Discharges. In plain English, Rebel Soldiers. Rebels who lacked the courage of the soldier, and their agents, have been and are yet buying the discharges of Union Soldiers, for the purpose of using them as evidence of their loyalty, passing themselves as Union men, and claiming on the strength of such discharge, all the rights of true, loyal Union serving soldiers, in the exercise of the civil functions of which they have so rigidly been deprived. Others, and parties innocent of wrong intention regarding them may be purchasing soldiers' discharges, but we can conceive of no way in which they can be benefited by so doing, and very much fear that the most, if not all of the discharges sold eventually reach the hands of persons who have been traitors to the Government, and who wish them to cover their disloyal acts. We therefore take this method of bringing this fraud upon the public and the soldiers to general notice, well knowing that the soldiers would much rather realize a cent from his discharge than to sell it for such a base purpose at any price.

LEWIS, GIVEN & CO.

Signs and tokens.

The following is from Puck, a new funny paper in California:

A long article having the above heading is going the round of the press, and has been for some time. Puck, thinking the old ones are played out, has manufactured some new ones; he being a supernatural being, is of course fully competent to do so.

The Gridiron.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The Mirror.—If a mirror is broken, it is a sign that a good looking lass will be missed in that house.

A Funeral.—To meet a funeral procession is a sign of death.

Pocket Book.—To lose a pocket book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

Roosters.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is the sign of mourning.

An Itching Ear.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and all ill luck will be averted.

Salt.—To spill salt accidentally into a stew while it is on fire, is a sign that the family will meet with its alternations (salter matrons.)

A Cat.—When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

Warts.—To have sixteen warts on the left hand is unlucky; to have the same number on the right hand, is a sign you are unfortunate.

Spirits.—If a married man, while his wife is in the room, takes up a bottle of spirits with his right hand, it is a sign that she will shortly be out of spirits, and that her husband is going to liquor.

Stock Raising.—If a one-eyed bull dog flies at a stock raiser's leg, it denotes that a stocktorture will happen to his calves.

Bridal.—If you get on horseback on Monday before the sun is up, it is a sign that you will have a head in a bridal.

Lucky.—To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purs will be the consequence.

Marriage.—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't it ought to be.

The above signs and portents may be strictly relied upon; they have never been known to fail.

BATTLES FOUGHT.

The number of battles fought during the late war was two hundred and fifty-two. Of these the soil of Virginia drank the blood of eighty-seven, Tennessee witnessed thirty-seven, Missouri twenty-five, Georgia twelve, South Carolina ten, North Carolina eleven, Alabama seven, Florida five, Kentucky fourteen, the Indian Territory and New Mexico one each. Once the war of whirled into a Northern State and broke in the great billow of Gettysburg. Of the battles enumerated, sixteen were naval achievements.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent—and lets him out.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]
"PROCEED WITH THE ELEPHANT."

In Columbiana County resides an old fellow renowned for his brilliant disposition, who is generally known as "Friend Shavey." Born and bred a Quaker, he was long since read out of meeting on account of his quarrelsome propensities, but still pertinaciously clings to the plain clothes and plain language of his early days, possibly as a protection against the wrath which he is continually provoking by his overbearing and irritating demeanor. He is always the owner of the crooked dog in the neighborhood, the most troublesome, breezy, steers, ke., and is continually in hot water with some of his neighbors in consequence of the depredations committed by his familarly free stock. A few weeks since, Van Amburgh's Menagerie, traveling through Columbiana, was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant, Tipposy Sals, as he was passing over the road with his elephant, discovered this pseudo Quaker seated upon a fence upon the road side, watching a bull which he had turned out upon the road, and which was racing, bellowing and throwing up a tremendous dust generally. In fact, from the animal's demonstrations one would readily have taken him for one of the identical breed that butted the locomotive off a bridge.

"Take that bull out of the way," shouted Nash, as he approached.

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the reply.

"If you don't take that bull away he will get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his belligerent demonstrations.

"Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Friend Shavey, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of an approaching scrimmage, the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole country round.

Tipposy Sals came on with his uncooth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly upon the elephant. Old Tipposy, without even pausing in his march, gave his cow-catcher a sweep catching the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him almost thirty feet in the air, the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

"I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little," shouted Nash as he passed on.

"Bent the devil," cried old Shavey, with a troubled look at his defiant bull, "thy elephant is too hefty for my beast, but they will not make so much out of the operation as they suppose. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show blown to blazes before I go one step, and thee may proceed with thy elephant and be d—d, please."

Being added as Shavey took a second look at the proportion of the stalwart elephant keeper.

CHOLERA REMEDIES.

Indian remedies are thus described in a letter published in England:

Three years ago, while in Calcutta, I was an eye-witness to an extraordinary case. A native Lascar, on board the vessel I was in, was evidently sinking fast from cholera, in fact, by all appearances, he had not an hour to live. A gentleman seeing the man sink so rapidly, made an incision into his arm, and having rubbed some liquid into it, bound it up with a cloth. Next day the man was well, and again at work.

On inquiry, I learned that it was the same remedy as Dr. Hoenigberg's, of Calcutta, viz: Inoculate the patient with quassia.

My attention having been thus called to this treatment, I was induced in several cases, where no medical man was to be had, to try it myself, and the effects were wonderful.

In the first stage, when no collapse is yet threatened, I have found no remedy more efficacious than Dr. C. Bown's cholera-drops, now so extensively used abroad, especially in India. A few persons provided with these two simple remedies, and willingness to see them administered, might do incalculable service in Constantinople during this frightful epidemic, and I am sure there are persons to be found, willing to undertake the charge.

Artemus Ward on Reorganization.

Artemus Ward, in a recent letter, thus gives an idea of reorganization: I have never attempted to re-organize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd bin to a public dinner, & allowed myself into drinkin' several people's health; & wishing to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' several people's health until my own became effected. The consequence was I presented myself Betsy's bedside, late at night, with considerable liquor concealed about my person.

I had somehow got possession of a boss whip on my way home. Rememberin' some cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin' I snapt this whip putty lively, and in a loud voice I said, "Betsy, you need re-organizin'. I have come Betsy. I'm re-organizin' you."

"I have come to re-organize you," that was I dreamed that somebody had laid a boss whip over me several times; and when I woke up, I found they had. I hadn't drank much of any thing since, and if ever I have a re-organizing job on my hand, I'll let it out."

The Alabama Convention.

PASSAGE OF AN EMANCIPATION ORDINANCE.

On the 23d instant, after five days' excited debate, the Alabama State Convention passed the following ordinance, by a vote of 89 yeas to 3 nays:

Be it ordained by the people of the state of Alabama, in convention assembled, that as the institution of slavery has been destroyed in the state of Alabama, hereafter there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in this state otherwise than for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall be duly convicted. And,

Be it further ordained, that the Constitution be amended by striking out all provisions in relation to slavery and slavery.

Be it further ordained, that it shall be the duty of the legislature, at its next session, to pass such laws as will protect the freedmen of this state in the full enjoyment of all their rights of personal property, and guard the state against any evils that may arise from their sudden emancipation.

The convention has also passed an ordinance dividing the state into six Congressional districts.

Another ordinance has been introduced granting to freedmen the right of holding property and testifying in the courts of justice.

A special resolution declares that "slavery has been destroyed by the United States of America."

Artemus Ward Done East.

Brigham Young has eighty wives besides those which are only "wanted," and not with him.

"He loves not wisely,"
"But two hundred well."

The Vice President has two thousand head of cattle and two hundred head of wives. They have an awful appetite. I once thoughtlessly gave a family ticket to an older test and my lecture. He came and filled the whole house. "Twas a success that night, but I didn't get any money."

The seventeen wives of a deceased Elder tried to make a Mormon of me and marry them. They wept; they have a sigh—[seventeen sighs—a sigh of considerable size.] They put their soft hands in mine, [seventeen hands] surrounding me. There I was alone, away from my parents! I exclaimed, "I hope you have no dishonorable intentions!" As I took myself away, they said in their grief. It is too much! That was just the thing that troubled me in their request—and so I said, it is too much.

When captured by the Indians, I saw descending upon me, the glistering thoma-hawk in the morning light. I had no reinforcements—no pontoons, no last ditch with me, and I had no female attire, so I says boldly I surrender! I was allowed to march out with my side-arms and green cotton umbrella which my aunt at Sacarap had given me. I didn't feel afraid—not I—for I had exposed my life before. I once stood at Centerville and saw thousands of bullets—those laden messengers of death! thousands of them passing close by me—packed in boxes and wagons.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The legend of the Jew ever wandering, and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this:

When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of Ananias. This man, however, called forth and then him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Matthew of Paris, a monk of the thirteenth century:

When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilate to death, the door-keeper, named Cartaphilus, pushed him from behind with his feet, saying, "Walk on, Jesus, quickly, why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is, that, after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends.

Not one